

AN
ELEGY

Upon the most

INCOMPARABLE

K. Charlsthe I.

Persecuted by two Implacable

FACTIONS,

Imprisoned by the One,

And

Murdered by the Other,

January 30th 1648.

W. L. E. G. Y.

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KING
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AN ELEGY

Upon the most Incomparable
K. CHARLES the First.



All for amazed thoughts, a wounded sense
And bleeding Hearts at our Intelligence.
Call for that Trump of Death the Man-
drakes Groan
Which kills the Hearers: This befits alone
Our Story which through times vast Kalendar
Must stand without Example or Repair.
What spowts of melting Clouds what endless springs
Powr'd in the Oceans lapp for offerings
Shall feed the hungry torrent of our grief
Too mighty for expression or belief?
Though all those moistures which the brain attracts
Ran from our eyes like gushing Cataracts,
Or our sad accents could out-tongue the Cryes
Which did from mournful *Hadadrimmon* rise
Since that remembrance of *Josiah* slain
In our King's murder is reviv'd again.

An Elegie.

O pardon me that but from Holy Writ
Our losse allowes no *Parallel* to it :
Nor call it bold presumption that I dare
Charles with the best of *Judah's Kings* compare :
The vertues of whose life did I prefer
The Text acquits me for no Flatterer,
For He like *David* perfect in his trust,
Was never stayn'd like Him, with Blood or Lust.

One who with *Solomon* in Judgement try'd,
Was quick to comprehend, Wise to decide,
(That even his Judges stood amaz'd to hear
A more transcendent Moover in their Sphear)
Though more Religious : for when doting Love
A while made *Solomon* Apostate proove

Charles nev'r endur'd the Truth which he profess
To be unfixt by Bosome interest.
Bold as *Jehosaphat*, yet forc'd to Fight,
And for his own, no unconcerned Right.
Should I recount His constant time of Pray'r
Each rising Morn and Ev'ning Regular
You'd say his practice preach'd They ought not Eat
Who by devotion first not earn'd their Meat.
Thus *Hezekiah* He exceeds in Zeal,
Though not (like him) So facile to reveal
The Treasures of Gods House, or His own Heart
To be supplanted by some forein art.
And that he might in fame with *Joash* share
When he the ruin'd Temple did repair,
His cost on *Paules* late ragged Fabrick spent
Must (if no other) be His Monument.

From this Survey the Kingdom may conclude
His Merits, and her Losses Magnitude.

Nor

An Elegie.

Nor think he flatters or blasphemes, who tells
That *Charls* exceeds *Judea's* Parallels,
In whom all Verrues we concentred see
Which 'mongst the best of them divided be.

O weak built Glories! which those Tempests feel
To force you from your firmest bases reel,
What from the stroaks of Chance shall you secure,
When Rocks of Innocence are so unsure?
When the World's only mirror slaughter'd lies,
Envies and Treasons bleeding sacrifice?
As if His stock of Goodnesse could become
No *Kalendar*, but that of *Martyrdom*.

See now ye cursed Mountebanks of State,
Who have *Eight years* for Reformation fate;
You who dire *Alva's* Counsels did transfer
To Act his Scenes on *England's* Theater;
You who did pawn your Selves in *Publick Faith*
To slave the Kingdome by your Pride and Wrath;
Call the whole World to witnesse now, how just,
How well you are responsive to your trust,
How to your King the promise you perform,
With Fasts, and Sermons, and long Prayers sworn,
That you intended *Peace* and *Truth* to bring
To make your *Charls* *Europes* most *Glorious King*.
Did you for this *Lift up your Hands on high*,
To Kill the King, and pluck down Monarchy?
These are the Fruits by your vvild Faction sown,
Which not Imputed are, but Born your own.

For though you wisely seem to wash your Hands,
The Guilt on every Vote and Order stands.
So that convine'd from all you did before,
Justice must lay the Murder at your Door.

--Spargun-
tur in om-
nes
In te mista
flunt--
Claudian.

call'd the
Council of
Troubles.

The form of
taking the
Oath,
June
1643.

Mark

Mark if the Body does not Bleed anew,
In any Circumstance approach'd by You,
From whose each motion we might plain descry
The black Orients of this late Tragedy.

For when the King through Storms in Scotland bred
To his Great Council for his shelter fled,
When in that meeting every Error gain'd
Redresses sooner granted, than Complain'd;
Not all those frank Concessions or Amends
Did suit the then too Powerfull Faction's ends,
No Acts of Grace at present would Content,
Nor Promise of Triennial Parliament,
Till by a formal Law the King had past
This Session should at Your pleasure last.

So having got the Bitt, and that 'twas known
No power could dissolve You but Your own,
Your gracelesse Junto make such use of this,
As once was practis'd by Semiramis;
Who striving by a subtle Sure to prove
The largeness of her Husbands Trust and Love,
Did from the much abused King obtain
That for three dayes she might sole Emperesse reign:
Before which time expir'd, the bloody Wife
Depriv'd her Lord both of his Crown and Life.
There needs no Comment when your deeds apply
The Demonstration of her Treachery.

Which to effect by Absalon's foul wile
You of the Peoples Heart your Prince beguile;
Urging what Eases they might reap by it
Did you their Legislative Judges sit.
How did you fawn upon, and Court the Rour,
Whose Clamour carry'd your whole Plot about?

How

An Elegie.

7

How did you thank Seditious men that came
To bring Petitions which your selves did frame?
And lest they wanted Hands to set them on,
You lead the way by throwing the first stone.
For in that *Libel* after Midnight born,
Wherewith your Faction labour'd till the Morn,
That famous Lye, you a *Remonstrance* name;
Were not Reproaches your malicious aim?
Was not the *King's* dishonour your intent
By Slanders to traduce his Government?
All which your spiteful Cunning did contrive
Men must receive through your false Perspective,
In which the smallest Spots improved were,
And every Mote a Mountain did appear.
Thus *Cesar* by th'ungrateful Senate found
His *Life* assaulted through his *Honor's* Wound.

*Remonstrance of
the State of
the Kingdom Dec.
15. 1641.*

And now to make Him hopelesse to resist,
You guide His Sword by Vote, which as you list
Must Strike or Spare (for so you did enforce
His Hand against His Reason to divorce
Brave *Strafford's* Life) then wring it quite away
By your usurping Each Militia:
Then seize His Magazines, of which possessest
You turn the Weapons 'gainst their Master's Breast.

This done, th'unkenneled crew of Lawless men
Led down by *Watkins*, *Pennington*, and *Ven*,
Did with confused noise the Court invade;
Then all Dissenters in Both Houses Bay'd.
At which the King amaz'd is forc'd to flye,
The whilst your Mouth's laid on maintain the Cry.

*Ord. Feb.
29.
Voted
March 15
The Navy
seiz'd Mar.
28. 1642.
The London
tumults.
Jan. 10.
1641.*

The Royal Game distodg'd and under Chase,
Your hot Pursute dogs Him from place to place:

Not

Not *Saul* with greater fury or disdain
 Did flying *David* from *Jeshimon's* plain
 Unto the barren *Wildernesse* pursue,
 Than Cours'd and Hunted is the King by you.
 The *Mountain Partridge* or the *Chased Roe*
 Might now for Emblemes of His Fortune go.
 And since all other May-games of the Town (down,
 (Save those your selves should make) were Voted
 The Clam'rous Pu'pit Hollaes in resort,
 Inviting men to your *King-catching* Sport.
 Where as the Foyle grows cold you mend the Sent
 By crying *Privilege of Parliament*,
 Whose fair Pretensions the first sparkles are,
 Which by your breath blown up enflame the War,
 And *Ireland* (bleeding by design) the Stale
 Wherewith for Men and Mony you prevail.

Yet doubting that Imposture could not last,
 When all the Kingdoms Mines of Treasure waste,
 You now tear down *Religion's* sacred Hedge
 To carry on the Work by *Sacriledge*;
 Reputing it *Rebellions* fittest Pay
 To take both *God's* and *Cesar's* dues away.

The tenor of which execrable Vöte
 Your over-active Zelots so promote,
 That neither *Tomb* nor *Temple* could escape,
 Nor *Dead* nor *Living* your Licentious Rape.
Statues and *Grave-stones* o're men buried

* At Ba-
 sing-Chapel
 Sold Dec.

29. 1643.

* At Win-
 chester.

Rob'd of their Brals, the * *Coffins* of their Led;
 Not the Seventh *Henry's* gilt and curious *Skreen*,
 Nor those which mongst our Rarities were seen,
 The * *Chests* wherein the *Saxon Monarchs* lay,
 But must be basely sold or thrown away.

May

An Elegie.

9

May in succeeding times forgotten be
Those bold Examples of Impiety,
Which were the Ages wonder and discourse,
You have Their greatest ills improv'd by worse.

No more be mention'd *Dionysius* Theft,
Who of their Gold the *Heathen Shrines* bereft;
For who with Yours His Robberies confer,
Must him repute a petty Pilferer.

Nor *Julian's* Scoff, who when he view'd the State
Of *Antioch's* Church, the Ornaments and Plate,
Cry'd, Meaner Vessels would serve turn, or None
Might well become the birth of *Mary's* Son.

Nor how that spightfull Atheist did in scorn
Pisse on God's Table, which so oft had born
The hallow'd Elements his death present:

Nor he that foul'd it with his Excrement,
Then turn'd the Cloth unto that act of shame,
Which without trembling *Christians* should not name.

Nor *John of Leyden*, who the pillag'd Quires
Employ'd in *Munster* for his own attires;
His pranks by *Hazlerig* exceeded be,
A wretch more wicked and as mad as he,
Who once in triumph led his Sumpter Moil
Proudly bedecked with the Altar's spoil.

Nor at *Bizantium's* sack how *Mahomet*
In *St. Sophia's* Church his Horses set.

Nor how *Belshazzar* at his drunken Feasts
Carow'd in holy Vessels to his Guests:

Nor he that did the Books and Anthems tear,
Which in the *daily Stations* used were.

These were poor Essayes of imperfect Crimes,
Fit for beginners in unlearned times,

Lactant.
l. 2. c. 4.

Julian.
Præfatus
Aegypti.
Theodoret.
l. 3. c. 11.

ibid.

Ganguin.
l. 6.

The Carpet
belonging to
the Com-
munion Ta-
ble of Win-
chester
Cathedral
Dec. 18.
1642.
Adrian
Emp.

B

Siz'd

An Elegie.

Siz'd onely for that dull Meridian
Which knew no Jesuit nor Puritan,
(Before whose fatal Birth were no such things
As Doctrines to Depose and Murther Kings.)
But since Your prudent care Enacted well,
That there should be no King in *Israel*,
England must write such Annals of Your Reign
Which all Records of elder mischiefs stain.

At
Winch-
comb in
Gloce-
ster-shire.

Churches unbuilt by order, others burn'd;
Whilst *Pauls* and *Lincoln* are to Stables turn'd;
And at God's Table you might Horses see
By (those more Beasts) their Riders manger'd be.
Some Kitchins and some Slaughter-houses made,
Communion-boards and *Cloths* for Dressers laid:
Some turn'd to loathsome Gaols, so by you brought
Unto the Curle of *Baal's* House, a Draught.
The *Common-Prayers* with the *Bibles* torn,
The *Coaps* in Antick Moorish-Dances worn,
And sometimes for the wearers greater mock,
The *Surplice* is converted to a Frock.
Some bringing Dogs the *Sacrament* revile,
Some with *Copronimus* the Font defile.
O God! canst *Thou* these prophanations like?
If not, why is thy Thunder slow to strike
The curled Authors? who dare think that *Thou*
Dost, when not punish them, their acts allow.
All which outrageous Crimes, though your pretence
Would fasten on the Soldiers insolence,
We must believe that what by them was done
Came licens'd forth by your probation.
For, as your selves with *Athaliah's* Brood
In strong contention for precedence stood,

You

An Elegie.

II

Whitehal
Win dfor.

Feb. 3.
1643.

You robb'd Two *Royall Chapels* of their Plate,
Which Kings and Queens to God did dedicate;
Then by a Vote more sordid than the Stealth,
Melt down and Coin it for the *Common-wealth*;
That is, give't up to the devouring jaws
Of your great *Idol Bell*, new styl'd *The Cause*.
And though this Monster you did well devise
To feed by Plunder, Taxes, Loans, Excise;
(All which Provisions You the People tell
Scarce serve to diet Your *Pantagruel*.)

We no *strew'd Ashes* need to trace the Cheat,
Who plainly see what Mouthes the Messes eat.

Brave *Reformation*! and a through one too,
Which to enrich Your selves must All undo.
Pray tell us (those that can) What fruits have grown
From all Your Seeds in Blood and Treasure sown?
What would you mend? when Your Projected State
Doth from the Best in Form degenerate?

Or why should You (of All) attempt the Cure,
Whose Facts nor *Gospels* Test nor *Laws* endure?
But like unwholsome Exhalations met
From Your Conjunction onely Plagues beget,
And in Your Circle, as Imposthumes fill
Which by their venome the whole Body kill;
For never had You Pow'r but to Destroy,
Nor Will, but where You Conquer'd to Enjoy.

This was Your Master-prize, who did intend
To make both *Church* and *Kingdom's* prey Your End.
'Gainst which the King (plac'd in the Gap) did strive
By *His* (till then unquestion'd) *Negative*,
Which finding You lack'd Reason to perswade,
Your Arguments were into Weapons made;

An Elegie.

So to compell him by main force to yield,
 E of Essex You had a Formed Army in the Field
 Army Aug. Before his Reared *Standard* could invite
 1. 1642. Ten men upon his Righteous Cause to fight.
 The Stan- Yet ere those raised Forces did advance,
 dard at Noting- Your malice struck him dead by Ordinance,
 ham Aug 25. 1642. When your Commissions the whole Kingdom swept
 With Blood and Slaughter, *Not the King Except.*
 Now hardned in Revolt, You next proceed
 By *Pacts* to strengthen each Rebellious Deed,
 June 27. New *Oaths*, and *Vows*, and *Covenants* advance,
 1643. All contradicting your *Allegiance*,
 Whole Sacred knot you plainly did unty,
 Declarati- When you with *Essex* swore to *Live and Die.*
 on and Re- These were your *Calves* in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
 solution of Which *Jeroboam's* Treason stablish can,
 Parl. Aug. 15. 1642. Who by strange *Pacts* and *Altars* did seduce
 The People to their *Laws* and and *King's* abuse;
 All which but serve like *Soibboleth* to try
 Those who pronounc'd not your *Conspiracy*;
 That when your other *Trains* defective are,
Forc'd Oaths might bring *Refusers* to the *Snare*.
 And lest those men your *Counsels* did pervert,
 Might when your *Fraud* was seen the *Cause* desert,
 A fierce *Decree* is through the *Kingdom* sent,
 Which made it *Death* for any to *Repent*.
 What strange *Dilemmaes* doth *Rebellion* make?
 'Tis mortal to *Deny*, or to *Parrake*:
 Some Hang who would not aid your *Traiterous Act*,
 History of Others engag'd are Hang'd if they *Retract*.
 English and So *Witches* who their *Contracts* have *unsworn*,
 Scottish By their own *Devils* are in *pieces* torn.
 Presbytery
 P. 320.

Thus

An Elegie.

13

Thus still the rageing Tempest higher grows,
Which in Extreame the Kings Resolvings throws.
The face of Ruine every where appears,
-And Acts of Outrage multiply our fears;
Whilst blind Ambition by Successes fed
Hath You beyond the bound of Subjects led,
Who tasting once the sweet of Regal Sway,
Resolved now no longer to obey.
For *Presbyterian* pride contests as high
As doth the Popedom for Supremacy.
Needs must you with unskilful *Phaeton*
Aspire to guide the Chariot of the Sun,
Though your ill-govern'd height with lightning be
Thrown headlong from his burning Axle-tree.
You will no more *Petition* or *Debate*,
But your desire in *Propositions* state,
Which by such Rules and Ties the *King* confine,
They in effect are Summons to *Resign*.
Therefore your War is manag'd with such sleight,
'Twas seen you more prevail'd by Purse than Might;
And those you could not purchase to your will,
You brib'd with sums of money to sit still.

The 19
Propos.

The *King* by this time hopelesse here of Peace,
Or to procure His wasted Peoples ease,
Which He in frequent Messages had try'd,
By you as oft as shamelesly deny'd;
Wearied by faithlesse Friends and restless Foes,
To certain hazard doth His Life Expose:
When through your Quarters in a mean disguise
He to His Country-men for succour flies,
Who met a brave occasion then to save
Their Native King from His untimely Grave:

April 27.
1646.
May 5.
1646.

Had

An Elegie.

Had he from them such fair reception gain'd,
 Wherewith ev'n *Achish David* entertain'd.
 But Faith to Him or hospitable Laws
 In your Confederate Union were no Clause,
 Which back to you their Rendred *Master* sends
 To tell how *He was us'd among his friends*.
 Far be it from my thoughts by this black Line
 To measure all within that Warlick Clime;
 The still admir'd *Montros's* some Numbers lead
 In his brave steps of Loyalty to tread.
 I onely tax a furious Party There,
 Who with our Native Pests Enleagued were.
 Then 'twas you follow'd Him with Hue and Cry,
 Made Midnight Searches in Each Liberty,
Voting it death to all without Reprieve,
 Who should their *Master* Harbor or Relieve.
 Ev'n in pure pitty of both Nations Fame,
 I wish that Act in Story had no name.
 When all your Mutual Stipulations are
 Converted at *Newcastle* to a Fair,
 Where (like *His Lord*) the King the Mart is made,
 Bought with *Your* Mony, and by *Them* Betraid;
 For both are guilty, *They* that did Contract,
 And *You* that did the fatal Bargain Act.
 Which who by equal Reason shall peruse,
 Must yet conclude, They had the best Excuse:
 For doubtlesse They (Good men) had never sold,
 But that you tempted Them with English Gold;
 And 'tis no wonder if with such a Sum
 Our Brethrens frailty might be overcome.
 What though hereafter it may prove Their Lot
 To be compared with *Iscaiot*?

This Order
 publish'd
 by beat of
 Drum May
 4. 1646.

Yet

An Elegie.

15

Yet will the World perceive which was most wise,
And who the Nobler Traitor by the Price;
For though 'tis true Both did Themselves undo,
They made the better Bargain of the Two,
Which all may reckon who can difference
Two hundred thousand Pounds from *Thirty Pence*.

However something is in Justice due,
Which may be spoken in defence of You;
For in your Masters Purchase you gave more,
Than all your *Jewish*-kindred paid before.
And had you wisely us'd what then you bought,
Your Act might be a Loyal Ransom thought,
To free from Bonds your Captive Sovereign,
Restoring Him to his lost Crown again.

But You had other plots, your busie hate
Ply'd all advantage on His fallen State,
And shew'd You did not come to bring Him Bayl,
But to remove Him to a stricter *Gaol*,
To *Holmby* first, whence taken from His Bed,
He by an Army was in triumph led;
Till on pretence of safety *Cromwel's* wife
Had juggel'd Him into the *Fatal Isle*,
Where *Hammond* for his Jaylor is decreed,
And Murderous *Rolf* as Lieger-Hangman fee'd,
Who in one fatal Knot Two Counsels tye,
He must by Poison or by Pistol Die.
Here now deny'd all Comforts due to Life,
His Friends, His Children, and His Peerlesse Wife;
From *Carisbrook* He oft but vainly sends,
And though first Wrong'd, seeks to make you Amends;
For this He sues, and by His restless Pen
Importunes Your deaf Ears to Treat agen.

Whilst

Jan. 3.
1647.

Jan. 9.
1647.

Colche-
ster Siege.

Jun. 30.
1648.

Treaty Vo-
ted July
28, 1648.

Whilst the proud Faction scorning to go lesse,
Return those Trait'rous Votes of *Non Address*,
Which follow'd were by th' Armies thundring
To *Act without* and quite *against the King*.
Yet when that Clowd remov'd, and the clear Light,
Drawn from His weighty Reasons, gave You sight
Of Your own dangers, had not Their Intent
Retarded been by some crosse Accidents;
Which for a while with fortunate Suspense
Check'd or diverted Their swoln Insolence:
When the whole Kingdom for a *Treaty* cry'd,
Which gave such credit to Your falling side,
That you *Recall'd those Votes*, and God once more
Your Power to save the Kingdom did restore,
Remember how Your peevish Treators sate,
Not to make *Peace*, but to prolong Debate;
How You that precious time at first delay'd,
And what ill use of Your advantage made,
As if from Your foul hands God had decreed
Nothing but War and Mischief should succeed.
For when by easie Grants the Kings Assent
Did your desires in greater things prevent,
When He did yield faster than You intreat,
And more than Modesty dares well repeat;
Yet not content with this, without all sense,
Or of *His Honor* or *His Conscience*,
Still you prest on, till you too late descry'd,
'Twas now lesse safe to stay than be deny'd.
For like a Flood broke loose the Armed Rout,
Then Shut Him closer up, And Shut You out,
Who by just vengeance are since Worried
By those Hand-wolves You for His Ruine bred.

Thus

An Elegie.

17

Thus like *Two Smoking Firebrands*, You and They
Have in this Smother choak'd the Kingdom's Day.
And as you rais'd Them first, must share the Guilt,
With all the Blood in these Distractions spilt.
For though with *Sampson's* Foxes backward turn'd,
(When he *Philistia's* fruitful Harvest burn'd)
The face of your opinions stands averse,
All your Conclusions but one fire disperse;
And every Line which carries your Designs,
In the same Centre of Confusion joyns.
Though then the *Independents* end the Work,
'Tis known they took their Platform from the *Kirk*;
Though *Pilate Bradshaw* with his pack of Jews
God's High Vice-gerent at the Bar accuse,
They but reviv'd the Evidence and Charge
Your poy's'nous Declarations laid at large;
Though they condemn'd or made his Life their Spoil,
You were the Setters forc'd him to the Toil:
For you whose fatal hand the Warrant writ,
The Prisoner did for Execution fit.
And if their Ax invade the Regal Throat,
Remember you first murther'd Him by Vote.
Thus They receive Your Tennis at the bound,
Take off that Head which you had first Un-crown'd;
Which shews the Texture of our Mischiefs Clew,
If ravel'd to the Top, begins in You,
Who have for ever stain'd the brave Intent
And Credit of our English Parliaments:
And in this One caus'd greater Ills, and more,
Than all of theirs did Good that went before.

Yet have you kept your word against Your will,
Your King is Great indeed and Glorious still,

C

And

An Elegie.

And you have made Him so. We must impute
 That Lustre which His Sufferings contribute
 To your preposterous Wisdoms, who have done
 All your good Deeds by Contradiction:
 For as to work His Peace you rais'd this Strife,
 And often *Shot at Him to Save His Life*;
 As you took from Him to Encrease His wealth,
 And kept Him Pris'ner to secure His Health:
 So in revenge of your dissembled Spight,
 In this last Wrong you did Him greatest Right,
 And (cross to all you meant) by Plucking down
 Lifted Him up to His *Eternal Crown*.

With This encircled in that radiant Sphear,
 Where Thy black Murtherers must ne'r appear,
 Thou from th'enthroned Martyrs Blood-stain'd Line,
 Dost in thy Vertues bright Example shine.
 And when Thy darted Beam from the moist Sky
 Nightly salutes Thy grieving Peoples Eye,
 Thou like some Warning Light rais'd by our fears,
 Shalt both provoke and still supply our Tears:
 Till the *Great Prophet* wak'd from his long sleep
 Again bids *Sion* for *Josiah* weep:
 That all Successions by a *firm Decree*
 May teach Their Children to lament for Thee.

Beyond these mournful Rites there is no Art
 Or Cost can Thee preserve. Thy better Part
 Lives in despite of Death, and will endure
 Kept safe in Thy unpattern'd *Portraiture*:
 Which though in Paper drawn by thine own Hand,
 Shall longer than *Corinthian-Marble* stand,
 Or Iron Sculptures: There Thy matchlesse Pen
 Speaks Thee the BEST OF KINGS as BEST OF MEN:
 Be

An Elegie.

19

Be this Thy *Epitaph* : for This alone
Deserves to carry Thy Inscription.
And 'tis but modest Truth : (so may I thrive
As not to please the Best of Thine Alive ,
Or flatter my *dead Master*, here would I
Pay my last Duty in a Glorious Ly)
In that *Admired Piece* the world may read
Thy Vertues and Misfortunes Storied ;
Which bear such curious Mixture, men must doubt
Whether Thou *wiser* wert or *more Devout*.

There live Blest Relick of a Saint-like mind ,
With Honors endlesse, as Thy Peace Enshrind.
Whilst we, divided by that Bloody Clowd ,
Whose purple Mists Thy Murther'd Body shrowd ,
Here stay behind at gaze: Apt for Thy sake
Unruly murmurs now 'gainst Heav'n to make,
Which binds us to Live well, yet gives no Fense
To guard her dearest Sons from Violence.
But He whose Trump proclaims , *Revenge is Mine* ,
Bids us our Sorrow by our Hope confine,
And reconcile our *Reason* to our *Faith* ,
Which in Thy Ruine such Concussions hath ,
It dares Conclude, God does not keep His Word
If *Zimri* die in Peace that slew his Lord.



From my sad Retirement
March 11. 1648.

CAROLVS STVART REX AN-
GLIÆ SECVREI COESVS

VITA CESSIT TRICESSIMO
IANVARII.

